Merry Wives of Windsor

1602

HUTH 48

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At Mr. Griggs's fire, almost all the copies of the facsimile quarto of Shakspere's *Merry Wives* in Dr. Furnivall's series were burnt. Those that were issued had several faulty pages. Mr. Griggs is now reproducing a new facsimile for Mr. Quaritch, who publishes the series, from Mr. A. H. Huth's copy, which is far better than the one belonging to the Duke of Devonshire that was used for the first facsimile, and that had lost portions of some leaves. Mr. P. A. Daniel will re-edit this; and Mr. Griggs has generously resolved to give to every purchaser of the first issue, whose name he has, a copy of the second issue, so that they may have a perfect book. Unfortunately the American reprint of the quarto parallel with the folio text, was made from the faulty facsimile, without inquiry, and without collation with the original quarto. Owners of copies of this parallel text should therefore take care to acquire the forthcoming perfect facsimile of the quarto. — *Academy* 15 Sept. 1888

Bond

Huth 48.

Shakespeare (W.)
K

# A
# Most pleasaunt and excellent conceited Comedie, of Syr *Iohn Falstaffe*, and the merrie Wiues of *Windsor*.

## Entermixed with sundrie variable and pleasing humors, of Syr *Hugh* the Welch Knight, Iustice *Shallow*, and his wise Cousin M. *Slender*.

With the swaggering vaine of Auncient *Pistoll*, and Corporall *Nym*.

By *William Shakespeare*.

As it hath bene diuers times Acted by the right Honorable my Lord Chamberlaines seruants. Both before her Maiestie, and else-where.

LONDON
Printed by T. C. for Arthur Iohnson, and are to be sold at his shop in Powles Church-yard, at the signe of the Flower de Leuse and the Crowne.
1602.

# A pleasant conceited Comedie, of Syr *Iohn Falstaffe*, and the merry Wiues of *VVindsor*.

*Enter Iustice* Shallow, *Syr* Hugh, *Maister* Page, *and* Slender.

*Shal.* NEre talke to me, Ile make a star-chamber matter of it.
The Councell shall know it. (mee.

*Pag.* Nay good maister *Shallow* be perswaded by

*Slen.* Nay surely my vncle shall not put it vp so.

*Sir Hu.* Wil you not heare reasons M. *Slenders?*
You should heare reasons.

*Shal.* Tho he be a knight, he shall not thinke to carrie it so away.

M. *Page* I will not be wronged. For you
Syr, I loue you, and for my cousen
He comes to looke vpon your daughter.

*Pa.* And heres my hand, and if my daughter
Like him so well as I, wee'l quickly haue it a match:
In the meane time let me intreat you to soiourne
Here a while. And on my life Ile vndertake
To make you friends.

*Sir Hu.* I pray you M. *Shallowes* let it be so.

The matter is pud to arbitarments.
The first man is M. *Page*, videlicet M. *Page*.
The second is my selfe, videlicet my selfe. (tyr.
And the third and last man, is mine host of the gar-

*Enter Syr* Iohn Falstaffe, Pistoll, Bardolfe, *and* Nim.

Here is sir *Iohn* himselfe now, looke you.
*Fal.* Now M. *Shallow*, youle complaine of me to the Councell, I heare?
*Shal.* Sir *Iohn*, sir *Iohn*, you haue hurt my keeper,
Kild my dogs, stolne my deere.
*Fal.* But not kissed your keepers daughter.
*Shal.* Well this shall be answered.
*Fal.* Ile answere it strait. I haue done all this.
This is now answred.
*Shal.* Well, the Councell shall know it.
*Fal.* Twere better for you twere knowne in (counsell,
Youle be laught at.
*Sir Hu.* Good vrdes sir *Iohn*, good vrdes.
*Fal.* Good vrdes, good Cabidge.
*Slender* I brake your head,
What matter haue you against mee?
*Slen.* I haue matter in my head against you and your cogging companions, *Pistoll* and *Nym*. They carried mee to the Tauerne and made mee drunke, and afterward picked my pocket.
*Fal.* What say you to this *Pistoll*, did you picke Maister *Slenders* purse *Pistoll*?
*Slen.* I by this handkercher did he. Two faire shouell boord shillings, besides seuen groats in mill sixpences.

*Fal.*



*Fal.* What say you to this *Pistoll*?
*Pist.* Sir *Iohn*, and Maister mine, I combat craue
Of this same laten bilbo. I do retort the lie
Euen in thy gorge, thy gorge, thy gorge.
*Slen.* By this light it was he then.
*Nym.* Syr my honor is not for many words,
But if you run bace humors of me,
I will say mary trap. And there's the humor of it.
*Fal.* You heare these matters denide gentlemē,
You heare it.

*Enter Mistresse* Foord, *Mistresse* Page, *and her daughter* Anne.

*Pa.* No more now,
I thinke it be almost dinner time,
For my wife is come to meet vs.
*Fal.* Mistresse *Foord*, I thinke your name is,
If I mistake not.
*Syr* Iohn kisses her.
*Mis. Ford.* Your mistake sir is nothing but in the
Mistresse. But my husbands name is *Foord* sir.
*Fal.* I shall desire your more aequaintance.
The like of you good misteris *Page*.
*Mis. Pa.* With all my hart sir *Iohn*.
Come husband will you goe?
Dinner staies for vs.
*Pa.* With all my hart, come along Gentlemen.

*Exit all, but* Slender *and mistresse* Anne.

*Anne.*

*Anne.* Now forſooth why do you ſtay me?
What would you with me?

*Slen.* Nay for my owne part, I would litle or nothing with you. I loue you well, and my vncle can tell you how my liuing ſtands. And if you can loue me why ſo. If not, why then happie man be his dole.

*An.* You ſay well M. *Slender.*
But firſt you muſt giue me leaue to
Be acquainted with your humor,
And afterward to loue you if I can.

*Slen.* Why by God, there's neuer a man in chriſtendome can deſire more. What haue you Beares in your Towne miſtreſſe *Anne*, your dogs barke ſo?

*An.* I cannot tell M. *Slender*, I thinke there be.

*Slen.* Ha how ſay you? I warrant your afeard of a Beare let looſe, are you not?

*An.* Yes truſt me.

*Slen.* Now that's meate and drinke to me,
Ile run yon to a Beare, and take her by the muſſell,
You neuer ſaw the like.
But indeed I cannot blame you,
For they are maruellous rough things.

*An.* Will you goe in to dinner M. *Slender*?
The meate ſtaies for you.

*Slen.* No faith not I. I thanke you,
I cannot abide the ſmell of hot meate
Nere ſince I broke my ſhin. Ile tel you how it came
By my troth. A Fencer and I plaid three venies
For a diſh of ſtewd prunes, and I with my ward
Defending my head, he hot my ſhin. Yes faith.

*Enter*



*Enter Maiſter* Page.

*Pa.* Come, come Maiſter *Slender*, dinner ſtaies for you.

*Slen.* I can eate no meate, I thanke you.

*Pa.* You ſhall not chooſe I ſay.

*Slen.* Ile follow you ſir, pray leade the way.
Nay be God miſteris *Anne*, you ſhall goe firſt,
I haue more manners then ſo, I hope.

*An.* Well ſir, I will not be troubleſome.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter ſir* Hugh *and* Simple, *from dinner.*

*Sir Hu.* Hark you *Simple*, pray you beare this letter to Doctor *Cayus* houſe, the French Doctor. He is twell vp along the ſtreet, and enquire of his houſe for one miſtris *Quickly*, his woman, or his try nurſe, and deliuer this Letter to her, it tis about Maiſter *Slender*. Looke you, will you do it now?

*Sim.* I warrant you Sir.

*Sir Hu.* Pray you do, I muſt not be abſent at the grace.
I will goe make an end of my dinner,
There is pepions and cheeſe behinde.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter ſir* Iohn Falſtaffes *Hoſt of the Garter,*
Nym, Bardolfe, Piſtoll, *and the boy.*

*Fal.* Mine Hoſt of the Garter.

*Host.* What ses my bully Rooke?
Speake schollerly and wisely.
*Fal.* Mine Host, I must turne away some of my followers.
*Host.* Discard bully, *Hercules* cassire.
Let them wag, trot, trot.
*Fal.* I sit at ten pound a weeke.
*Host.* Thou art an Emperour *Cæsar*, *Phesser* and *Kesar* bully.
Ile entertaine *Bardolfe*. He shall tap, he shall draw.
Said I well, bully *Hector*?
*Fal.* Do good mine Host.
*Host.* I haue spoke. Let him follow. *Bardolfe*
Let me see thee froth, and lyme. I am at
A word. Follow, follow.

*Exit Host.*

*Fal.* Do *Bardolfe*, a Tapster is a good trade,
An old cloake will make a new Ierkin,
A withered seruingman, a fresh Tapster:
Follow him *Bardolfe*.
*Bar.* I will sir, Ile warrant you Ile make a good shift to liue.

*Exit Bardolfe.*

*Pis.* O base gongarian wight, wilt thou the spicket willd?
*Nym.* His minde is not heroick. And theres the humor of it.
*Fal.* Well my Laddes, I am almost out at the heeles.
*Pis.* Why then let cybes insue.
*Nym.* I thanke thee for that humor.

*Fal.*



*Fal.* Well I am glad I am so rid of this tinder Boy.
His stealth was too open, his filching was like
An vnskilfull singer, he kept not time.
*Nym.* The good humor is to steale at a minutes rest.
*Pis.* Tis so indeed *Nym*, thou hast hit it right.
*Fal.* Well, afore God, I must cheat, I must cony-catch.
Which of you knowes *Foord* of this Towne?
*Pis.* I ken the wight, he is of substance good.
*Fal.* Well my honest Lads, Ile tell you what I am about.
*Pis.* Two yards and more.
*Fal.* No gibes now *Pistoll*: indeed I am two yards
In the wast, but now I am about no wast:
Briefly, I am about thrift you rogues you,
I do intend to make loue to *Foords* wife,
I espie entertainment in her. She carues, she
Discourses. She giues the lyre of inuitation,
And euery part to be construed rightly is, I am
Syr *Iohn Falstaffes*.
*Pis.* He hath studied her well, out of honestie
Into English.
*Fal.* Now the report goes, she hath all the rule
Of her husbands purse. She hath legians of angels.
*Pis.* As many diuels attend her.
And to her boy say I.
*Fal.* Heree's a Letter to her. Heeres another to misteris *Page*.

Who euen now gaue me good eies too, examined
my exteriors with ſuch a greedy intentiõ, with the
beames of her beautie, that it ſeemed as ſhe would
a ſcorged me vp like a burning glaſſe. Here is ano-
ther Letter to her, ſhee beares the purſe too. They
ſhall be Excheckers to me, and Ile be cheaters to
them both. They ſhall be my Eaſt and Weſt Indies,
and Ile trade to them both. Heere beare thou this
Letter to miſtreſſe *Foord*. And thou this to miſtreſſe
*Page*. Weele thriue Lads, we will thriue.

*Piſt.* Shall I ſir Panderowes of *Troy* become?
And by my ſword were ſteele.
Then Lucifer take all.

*Nym.* Here take your humor Letter againe,
For my part, I will keepe the hauior
Of reputation. And theres the humor of it.

*Fal.* Here ſirrha beare me theſe Letters titely,
Saile like my pinnice to the golden ſhores:
Hence ſlaues, avant. Vaniſh like hailſtones, goe.
*Falſtaffe* will learne the humor of this age,
French thrift you rogue, my ſelfe and ſcirted Page.

*Exit Falſtaffe, and the Boy.*

*Piſ.* And art thou gone? Teaſter Ile haue in pouch
When thou ſhalt want, bace Phrygian Turke.

*Nym.* I haue operations in my head, which are
humors of reuenge.

*Piſ.* Wilt thou reuenge?

*Nym.* By *Welkin* and her Fairies.

*Piſ.* By wit, or ſword?

*Nym.* With both the humors I will diſcloſe this
loue to *Page*. Ile poſes him with Iallowes,

And



And theres the humor of it.

*Piſ.* And I to *Foord* will likewiſe tell
How *Falſtaffe* varlot vilde,
Would haue her loue, his doue would proue,
And eke his bed defile.

*Nym.* Let vs about it then. (on.

*Piſ.* Ile ſecond thee: ſir Corporall *Nym* troope

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter Miſtreſſe* Quickly, *and* Simple.

*Quic.* M. *Slender* is your Maſters name ſay you?

*Sim.* I indeed that is his name.

*Quic.* How ſay you? I take it hee is ſomewhat a
weakly man:
And he has as it were a whay coloured beard.

*Sim.* Indeed my maiſters beard is kane colored.

*Quic.* Kane colour, you ſay well.
And is this Letter from ſir *Yon*, about Miſteris *An*,
Is it not?

*Sim.* I indeed is it.

*Quic.* So: and your Maiſter would haue me as
it twere to ſpeak to miſteris *Anne* concerning him:
I promiſe you my M. hath a great affectioned mind
to miſtreſſe *Anne* himſelfe. And if he ſhould know
that I ſhould as they ſay, giue my verdit for any one
but himſelfe, I ſhould heare of it throughly: For
I tell you friend, he puts all his priuities in me.

*Sim.* I by my faith you are a good ſtaie to him.

*Quic.* Am I? I and you knew all yowd ſay ſo:
Waſhing, brewing, baking, all goes through my
Or elſe it would be but a woe houſe. (hands,

*Sim.* I beſhrow me, one woman to do all this,

 Is

Is very painfull.

*Quic.* Are you auiſed of that? I, I warrant you,
Take all, and paie all, all goe through my hands,
And he is ſuch a honeſt man, and he ſhould chance
To come home and finde a man here, we ſhould
Haue no who with him. He is a parlowes man.

*Sim.* Is he indeed?

*Quic.* Is he quoth you? God keepe him abroad:
Lord bleſſe me, who knocks there?
For Gods ſake ſtep into the Counting-houſe,
While *I* goe ſee whoſe at doore.

*He ſteps into the Counting-houſe.*

What *Iohn Rugby*, *Iohn*,
Are you come home ſir alreadie?

*And ſhe opens the doore.*

*Doct.* *I* begar *I* be forget my oyntment,
VVhere be *Iohn Rugby*?

*Enter Iohn.*

*Rug.* Here ſir, do you call?

*Doc.* *I* you be *Iohn Rugbie*, and you be *Iack Rugby*
Goe run vp met your heeles, and bring away
De oyntment in de vindoe preſent:
Make haſt *Iohn Rugbie*. O *I* am almoſt forget
My ſimples in a boxe in de Counting-houſe:
O *Ieſhu* vat be here, a deuella, a deuella!
My Rapier *Iohn Rugby*, Vat be you, vat make
You in my Counting-houſe?
*I* tinck you be a teefe.

*Quic.* *Ieſhu* bleſſe me, we are all vndone.

*Sim.* O Lord ſir no: *I* am no theefe,
*I* am a Seruingman:

My



My name is *Iohn Simple*, *I* brought a Letter ſir
From my M. *Slender*, about miſteris *Anne Page*
Sir: *I* indeed that is my comming.

*Doc.* *I* begar is dat all? *Iohn Rugby* giue a ma pen
An *Inck*: tarche vn pettit tarche a little.

*The Doctor writes.*

*Sim.* O God what a furious man is this?

*Quic.* Nay it is well he is no worſe:
*I* am glad he is ſo quiet.

*Doc.* Here giue dat ſame to ſir *Hu*, it ber ve chalēge
Begar tell him *I* will cut his naſe, will you?

*Sim.* *I* ſir, *I*le tell him ſo. (may.

*Doc.* Dat be vell, my Rapier *Iohn Rugby*, follow

*Exit Doctor.*

*Quic.* VVell my friend, *I* cannot tarry, tell your
Maiſter *I*le doo what *I* can for him,
And ſo farewell.

*Sim.* Mary will *I*, *I* am glad *I* am got hence.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter Miſtreſſe* Page, *reading of a Letter.*

*Miſ. Pa.* Miſtreſſe *Page* *I* loue you. Aske me no (reaſon,
Becauſe theyr impoſſible to alledge. Your faire,
And *I* am fat. Yon loue ſack, ſo do *I*:
As *I* am ſure *I* haue no mind but to loue,
So *I* know you haue no hart but to grant (knowes
A ſouldier doth not vſe many words, where a
A letter may ſerue for a ſentence. *I* loue you,
And ſo *I* leaue you.

*Yours Syr Iohn Falſtaffe.*

Now

Now Ieſhu bleſſe me, am I methomorphiſed?
I thinke I knowe not my ſelfe. Why what a Gods
name doth this man ſee in me, that thus he ſhootes
at my honeſtie? Well but that I knowe my owne
heart, I ſhould ſcarcely perſwade my ſelfe I were
hand. Why what an vnreaſonable woolſack is this.
He was neuer twice in my companie, and if then I
thought I gaue ſuch aſſurauce with my eies, Ide pul
them out, they ſhould neuer ſee more holie daies.
Well, I ſhall truſt fat men the worſe while I liue for
his ſake. O God that I knew how to be reuenged of
him. But in good time, heeres miſtreſſe *Foord*.

*Enter Miſtreſſe* Foord.

*Miſ. For.* How now Miſtris *Page*, are you reading
Loue Letters? How do you woman?

*Miſ. Pa.* O woman I am I know not what:
In loue vp to the hard eares. I was neuer in ſucha
caſe in my life.

*Miſ. Ford.* In loue, now in the name of God with
whom?

*Miſ. Pa.* With one that ſweares he loues me,
And I muſt not chooſe but do the like againe:
I prethie looke on that Letter.

*Miſ. For.* Ile match your letter iuſt with the like,
Line for line, word for word. Only the name
Of miſteris *Page*, and miſteris *Foord* diſagrees:
Do me the kindnes to looke vpon this.

*Miſ. Pa.* Why this is right my letter.
O moſt notorious villaine!
Why what a bladder of iniquitie is this?
Lets be reuenged what ſo ere we do.

*Miſ. For.* Reuenged, if we liue weel be reuenged.
O Lord



O Lord if my husband ſhould ſee this Letter,
Ifaith this would euen giue edge to his Iealouſie.

*Enter Ford, Page, Piſtoll and Nym.*

*Miſ. Pa.* See where our husbands are,
Mine's as far from Iealouſie,
As I am from wronging him.

*Piſ. Ford* the words I ſpeake are forſt:
Beware, take heed, for *Falſtaffe* loues thy wife:
When *Piſtoll* lies do this.

*Ford.* Why ſir my wife is not young.

*Piſ.* He wooes both yong and old, both rich and poore
None comes amis. I ſay he loues thy wife:
Faire warning did I giue, take heed,
For ſommer comes, and Cuckoo birds appeare:
*Page* belieue him what he ſes. Away ſir Corporall *Nym.*

*Exit Piſtoll.*

*Nym.* Syr the humor of it is, he loues your wife,
I ſhould ha borne the humor Letter to her:
I ſpeake and I auouch tis true: My name is *Nym.*
Farwell, I loue not the humor of bread and cheeſe:
And theres the humor of it. *Exit Nym.*

*Pa.* The humor of it, quoth you:
Heres a fellow frites humor out of his wits.

*Miſ. Pa.* How now ſweet hart, how doſt thou?

*Enter Miſtreſſe Quickly.*

*Pa.* How now man? How do you miſtris *Ford?*

*Miſ. For.* Well I thanke you good M. *Page.*
How now husband, how chaunce thou art ſo me-
lancholy?

*Ford.* Melancholy, I am not melancholy.
Goe get you in, goe.

*Miſ. For.* God ſaue me, ſee who yonder is:

Weele set her a worke in this businesse.
*Mis.Pa.* O sheele serue excellent.
Now you come to see my daughter *An* I am sure.
*Quic.* I forsooth that is my comming.
*Mis.Pa.* Come go in with me. Come Mis. *Ford.*
*Mis.For.* I follow you Mistresse *Page.*
*Exit Mistresse* Ford, *Mis.* Page, *and* Quickly.
*For.* M. *Page* did you heare what these fellowes
*Pa.* Yes M. *Ford*, what of that sir? (said?
*For.* Do you thinke it is true that they told vs?
*Pa.* No by my troth do I not,
I rather take them to be paltry lying knaues,
Such as rather speakes of enuie,
Then of any certaine they haue
Of any thing. And for the knight, perhaps
He hath spoke merrily, as the fashion of fat men
Are: But should he loue my wife,
Ifaith Ide turne her loose to him:
And what he got more of her,
Then ill lookes, and shrowd words,
Why let me beare the penaltie of it.
*For.* Nay I do not mistrust my wife,
Yet Ide be loth to turne them together,
A man may be too confident.
*Enter Host and Shallow.*
*Pa.* Here comes my ramping host of the garter,
Ther's either licker in his hed, or mony in his purse,
That he lookes so merily. Now mine Host?
*Host.* God blesse you my bully rookes, God blesse (you.
Cauelera Iustice I say.
*Shal.* At hand mine host, at hand. M. *Ford* god den
God den an twentie good M. *Page.* (to you.





I tell you sir we haue sport in hand.
*Host.* Tell him cauelira Iustice: tell him bully
*Ford.* Mine Host a the garter: (rooke.
*Host.* What ses my bully rooke?
*Ford.* A word with you sir.
Ford *and the Host talkes.*
*Shal.* Harke you sir, Ile tell you what the sport
Doctor *Cayus* and sir *Hu* are to fight, (shall be,
My merrie Host hath had the measuring
Of their weapons, and hath (eare:
Appointed them contrary places. Harke in your
*Host:* Hast thou no shute against my knight,
My guest, my cauellira:
*For.* None I protest: But tell him my name
Is *Rrooke*, onlie for a Iest.
*Host:* My hand bully: Thou shalt
Haue egres and regres, and thy
Name shall be *Brooke*: Sed I well bully Hector?
*Shal.* I tell you what M. *Page*, I beleeue
The Doctor is no Iester, heele laie it on:
For tho we be Iustices and Doctors,
And Church men, yet we are
The sonnes of women M. *Page*:
*Pa:* True maister *Shallow:*
*Shal:* It will be found so maister *Page:*
*Pa.* Maister *Shallow* you your selfe
Haue bene a great fighter,
Tho now a man of peace:
*Shal:* M. *Page* I haue seene the day that yong
Tall fellowes with their stroke & their passado,
I haue made them trudge Maister *Page*,
A tis the hart, the hart doth all: I

Haue seene the day, with my two hand sword
I would a made you foure tall Fencers
Scipped like Rattes.

*Host.* Here boyes, shall we wag, shall we wag?

*Shal.* Ha with you mine host.

*Exit Host and Shallow.*

*Pa.* Come M. *Ford*, shall we to dinner?
I know these fellowes sticks in your minde.

*For.* No in good sadnesse not in mine:
Yet for all this Ile try it further,
*I* will not leaue it so:
Come M. *Page*, shall we to dinner?

*Pa.* With all my hart sir, *I*le follow you.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter Syr Iohn, and Pistoll.*

*Fal.* *I*le not lend thee a peny.

*Pis.* *I* will retort the sum in equipage.

*Fal.* Not a pennie: *I* haue beene content you shuld lay my countenance to pawne: *I* haue grated vpon my good friends for 3. repriues, for you and your Coach-fellow *Nym*, else you might a looked thorow a grate like a geminy of babones. *I* am damned in hell for swearing to Gentlemen your good souldiers and tall fellowes: And when mistrisse *Briget* lost the handle of her Fan, *I* tooked on my honor thou hadst it not.

*Pis.* Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteene pence?

*Fal.* Reason you rogue, reason.
Doest thou thinke *I*le indanger my soule gratis?
*I*n briefe, hang no more about mee, *I* am no gybit for you. A short knife and a throng to your manner of



of pickt hatch, goe. Youle not beare a Letter for me you rogue you: you stand vpon your honor. Why thou vnconfinable basenesse thou, tis as much as I can do to keep the termes of my honor precise. I, I my selfe sometimes, leauing the feare of God on the left hand, am faine to shuffel, to filch & to lurch. And yet you stand vpon your honor, you rogue. You, you.

*Pis.* I do recant: what wouldst thou more of man?

*Fal.* Well, gotoo, away, no more.

*Enter Mistresse Quickly.*

*Quic.* Good you god den sir.

*Fal.* Good den faire wife.

*Quic.* Not so ant like your worship.

*Fal.* Faire mayd then.

*Quic.* That I am Ile be sworne, as my mother was
The first houre I was borne.
Sir I would speake with you in priuate.

*Fal.* Say on I prethy, heeres none but my owne houshold.

*Quic.* Are they so? Now God blesse them, and make them his seruants.
Syr I come from Mistresse *Foord*.

*Fal.* So from Mistresse *Foord*. Goe on.

*Quic.* I sir, she hath sent me to you to let you dit.
Vnderstand she hath receiued your Letter,
And let me tell you, she is one stands vpon her cre-

*Fal.* Well, come Misteris *Ford*, Misteris *Ford*.

*Quic.* I sir, and as they say, she is not the first
Hath bene led in a fooles paradice.

*Fal.* Nay prethy be briefe my good she *Mercury*.

*Quic.* Mary sir, sheed haue you meet her between eight and nine.

Fal. So betweene eight and nine: (birding,
Quic. I forsooth, for then her husband goes a
Fal. Well commend me to thy mistris, tel her
I will not faile her: Boy giue her my purse.
Quic. Nay sir I haue another arant to do to you
From misteris Page:
Fal. From misteris Page? I prethy what of her?
Quic. By my troth I think you work by Inchant-
Els they could neuer loue you as they doo: (ments,
Fal. Not I, I assure thee: setting the atraction of my
Good parts aside, I vse no other inchantments:
Quic. Well sir, she loues you extreemly:
And let me tell you, shees one that feares God,
And her husband giues her leaue to do all:
For he is not halfe so iealousie as M. Ford is. (Ford,
Fal. But harke thee, hath misteris Page & mistris
Acquainted each other how dearly they loue me?
Quic. O God no sir: there were a iest indeed.
Fol. Well farwel, commend me to misteris Ford,
I will not faile her say.
Quic. God be with your worship.
*Exit Mistresse Quickly.*

*Enter Bardolfe.*

Bar. Sir heer's a Gentleman,
One M. *Brooke*, would speak with you,
He hath sent you a cup of sacke.
Fal. M. *Brooke*, hees welcome: Bid him come vp,
Such *Brookes* are alwaies welcome to me:
A *Iack*, will thy old bodie yet hold out?
Wilt thou after the expence of so much mony
Be now a gainer? Good bodie I thanke thee,
And ile make more of thee then I ha done: Ha



Ha, ha, misteris Ford, and misteris Page, haue
I caught you a the hip? go too.
*Enter* Foord *disguised like* Brooke.
For. God saue you sir.
Fal. And you too, would you speak with me?
Fal. Mary would I sir, I am somewhat bolde to
My name is *Brooke*. (trouble you,
Fal. Good M. *Brooke* your verie welcome.
For. Ifaith sir I am a gentleman and a traueller,
That haue seen somewhat. And I haue often heard
That if mony goes before, all waies lie open.
Fal. Mony is a good souldier sir, and will on.
For. Ifaith sir, and I haue a bag here,
Would you wood helpe me to beare it.
Fal. O Lord, would I could tell how to deserue
To be your porter.
For. That may you eafily sir *Iohn*: I haue an ear-
Sute to you. But good sir *Iohn* when I haue (nest
Told you my griefe, cast one eie of your owne
Estate, since your selfe knew what tis to be
Such an offender.
Fal. Verie well sir, proceed.
For. Sir I am deeply in loue with one *Fords* wife
Of this Towne. Now sir *Iohn* you are a gentleman
Of good discoursing, well beloued among Ladies,
A man of such parts that might win 20. such as she.
Fal. O good sir. (loue
For. Nay beleeue it sir *Iohn*, for tis time. Now my
Is so grounded vpon her, that without her loue
I shall hardly liue.
Fal. Haue you importuned her by any means?
Ford. No neuer Sir.
Fal. Of

*Fal.* Of what qualitie is your loue then?

*Ford.* Ifaith ſir, like a faire houſe ſet vpon
Another mans foundation. (me?

*Fal.* And to what end haue you vnfolded this to

*For.* O ſir, when I haue told you that, I told you
For ſhe ſir ſtands ſo pure in the firme ſtate (all:
Of her honeſtie, that ſhe is too bright to be looked
Againſt: Now could I come againſt her
With ſome detectiõ, I ſhould ſooner perſwade her
From her marriage vow, and a hundred ſuch nice
Tearmes that ſheele ſtand vpon.

*Fal.* Why would it apply well to the veruenſie
of your affection, (ioy?
That another ſhould poſſeſſe what you would en-
Meethinks you preſcribe verie propoſterouſly
To your ſelfe.

*For.* No ſir, for by that meanes ſhould I be cer-
taine of that which I now miſdoubt.

*Fal.* Well M. *Brooke*, Ile firſt make bold with your
Next, giue me your hand. Laſtly, you ſhall (mony,
And you will, enioy *Fords* wife.

*For.* O good ſir.

*Fal.* M. *Brooke*, I ſay you ſhall.

*Ford.* Want no mony Syr *Iohn*, you ſhall want

*Fal.* Want no Miſteris *Ford* M. *Brooke*, (none.
You ſhall want none. Euen as you came to me,
Her ſpokes mate, her go between parted from me:
I may tell you M. *Brooke*, I am to meet her
Between 8. and 9. for at that time the Iealous
Cuckally knaue her husband wil be from home,
Come to me ſoone at night, you ſhall know how
I ſpeed M. *Brooke*.

*Ford.*



*Ford.* Sir do you know *Ford?* (him not,

*Fal.* Hang him poore cuckally knaue, I know
And yet I wrong him to call him poore. For they
Say the cuckally knaue hath legions of angels,
For the which his wife ſeemes to me well fauored,
And Ile vſe her as the key of the cuckally knaues
Coffer, and there's my randeuowes.

*Ford.* Meethinkes ſir it were very good that you
*Ford*, that you might ſhun him. (knew

*Fal.* Hang him cuckally knaue, Ile ſtare him
Out of his wits, Ile keepe him in awe
With this my cudgell: It ſhall hang like a meator
Ore the wittolly knaues head, M. *Brooke* thou ſhalt
See I will predominate ore the peaſant,
And thou ſhalt lie with his wife. M. *Brooke*
Thou ſhalt know him for knaue and cuckold,
Come to me ſoone at night.

*Exit Falſtaffe.*

*Ford.* What a damned epicurian is this?
My wife hath ſent for him, the plot is laid:
*Page* is an Aſſe, a foole. A ſecure Aſſe,
Ile ſooner truſt an Iriſhman with my
Aquauita bottle, Sir *Hu* our parſon with my cheeſe,
A theefe to walk my ambling gelding, thẽ my wife
With her ſelfe: then ſhe plots, then ſhe ruminates,
And what ſhe thinkes in her hart ſhe may effect,
Sheele breake her hart but ſhe will effect it.
God be praiſed, God be praiſed for my iealouſie:
Well Ile goe preuent him, the time drawes on,
Better an houre too ſoone, then a minit too late,
Gods my life cuckold, cuckold.

*Exit Ford.*

*Enter the Doctor and his man.*

*Doc.* *Iohn Rugbie* goe looke met your eies ore de
And spie and you can see de parson. (stall,
*Rug.* Sir I cannot tell whether he be there or no,
But I see a great many comming.
*Doc.* Bully moy, mon rapier *Iohn Rugabie*, begar
Hearing be not so dead as I shall make him. de
*Enter Shallow, Page, my Host, and Slender.*
*Pa.* God saue you M. Doctor *Cayus*.
*Shal.* How do you M. Doctor? (thee,
*Host.* God blesse thee my bully doctor, God blesse
*Doc.* Vat be all you, Van to tree com for, a?
*Host.* Bully to see thee fight, to see thee foine, to
see thee trauerse, to see thee here, to see thee there,
to see thee passe the punto. The stock, the reuerse,
the distance: the montnce is a dead my francoyes?
Is a dead my Ethiopian? Ha what ses my gallon?
my escuolapis? Is a dead bullies taile, is a dead?
*Doc.* Begar de preest be a coward Iack knaue,
He dare not shew his face.
*Host.* Thou art a castallian king vrinall.
*Hector* of *Greece* my boy.
*Shal.* He hath showne himselfe the wiser man
M. Doctor:
Sir *Hugh* is a Parson, and you a Phisition. You must
Goe with me M. Doctor.
*Host.* Pardon bully Iustice. A word monsire
*Doc.* Mockwater, vat me dat? (mockwater.
*Host.* That is in our English tongue, Vallor bully,
vallor.

*Doc.*



*Doc.* Begar den I haue as mockuater as de Inglish
Iack dog, knaue.
*Host.* He will claperclaw thee titely bully.
*Doc.* Claperclawe, vat be dat?
*Host.* That is, he will make thee amends.
*Doc.* Begar I do looke he shal claperclaw me dē,
And Ile prouoke him to do it, or let him wag:
And moreouer bully, but M. *Page* and M. *Shallow*,
And eke cauellira *Slender*, go you all ouer the fields
to Frogmore?
*Pa.* Sir *Hugh* is there, is hee?
*Host.* He is there: goe see what humor hee is in,
Ile bring the Doctor about by the fields:
Will it do well?
*Shal.* We wil do it my host. Farwel M. Doctor.
*Exit all but the Host and Doctor.*
*Doc.* Begar I will kill de cowardly Iack preest,
He is make a foole of moy.
*Host.* Let him die, but first sheth your impatience,
Throw cold water on your collor, com go with me
Through the fields to *Frogmore*, and Ile bring thee
Where mistris *An Page* is a feasting at a farm house,
And thou shalt wear hir cried game: sed *I* wel bully
*Doc.* Begar excellent vel: and if you speak pour
moy, I shall procure you de gesse of all de gentelmē
mon patinces. I begar *I* fall.
*Host.* For the which Ile be thy aduersary
To misteris *An Page*: Sed *I* well?
*Doc.* I begar excellent.
*Host.* Let vs wag then.
*Doc.* Alon, alon, alon.
*Exit omnes.*

*Enter Syr Hugh and Simple.*

*Sir Hu.* I pray you do so much as see if you can (espie
Doctor *Cayus* comming, and giue me intelligence,
Or bring me vrde if you please now.

*Sim.* I will Sir.

*Sir Hu.* Ieshu ples mee, how my hart trobes, and (trobes,
And then she made him bedes of Roses,
And a thousand fragrant poses,
To shallow riueres. Now so kad vdge me, my hart
Swelles more and more. Mee thinkes I can cry
Verie well. There dwelt a man in *Babylon*,
To shallow riuers and to falles,
Melodious birds sing Madrigalles.

*Sim.* Sir here is M. *Page*, and M. *Shallow*, (sword,
Comming hither as fast as they can.

*Sir Hu.* Then it is verie necessary I put vp my
Pray giue me my cowne too, marke you.

*Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.*

*Pa.* God saue you Sir *Hugh*.

*Shal.* God saue you M. parson. (now.

*Sir Hu.* God plesse you all from his mercies sake

*Pa.* What the word and the sword, doth that agree well?

*Sir Hu.* There is reasons and causes in all things, I warrant you now.

*Pa.* Well Sir *Hugh*, we are come to craue
Your helpe and furtherance in a matter.

*Sir Hu.* What is I pray you?

*Pa.* Ifaith tis this sir *Hugh*. There is an auncient friend of ours, a man of verie good sort, so at oddes with



with one patience, that I am sure you would hartily grieue to see him. Now Sir *Hugh*, you are a scholler well red, and verie perswasiue, we would intreate you to see if you could intreat him to patience.

*Sir Hu.* I pray you who is it? Let vs know that.

*Pa.* I am shure you know him, tis Doctor *Cayus*.

*Sir Hu.* I had as leeue you should tel me of a messe
He is an arant lowsie beggerly knaue: (of poredge,
And he is a coward beside.

*Pa.* Why Ile laie my life tis the man
That he should fight withall.

*Enter Doctor and the Host, they offer to fight.*

*Shal.* Keep them asunder, take away their wea-

*Host.* Disarme, let them question. (pons.

*Shal.* Let them keep their limbs hole, and hack our English.

*Doc.* Hark van vrd in your eare. You be vn daga
And de Iack, coward preest.

*Sir Hu.* Harke you, let vs not be laughing stockes to other mens humors. By Ieshu I will knock your vrinalls about your knaues cockcomes, for missing your meetings and appointments.

*Doc.* O Ieshu mine host of de garter, *Iohn Rogoby*,
Haue I not met him at de place he make apoint,
Haue I not?

*Sir Hu.* So kad vdge me, this is the pointment
Witnes by my Host of the garter. (place,

*Host.* Peace I say gawle and gawlia, Freneh and
Soule curer, and bodie curer. (Wealch,

*Doc.* This is verie braue, excellent.

*Host.* Peace I say, heare mine host of the garter,

Am I wise? am I politicke? am I Matchauil?
Shall I lose my doctor? No, he giues me the motiõs
And the potions. Shall I lose my parson, my sir *Hu?*
No, he giues me the prouerbes, and the nouerbes:
Giue me thy hand terestiall,
So giue me thy hand celestiall:
So boyes of art I haue deceiued you both,
I haue directed you to wrong places,
Your hearts are mightie, you skins are whole,
*Bardolfe* laie their swords to pawne. Follow me lads
Of peace, follow me. Ha, ra, la. Follow. *Exit Host.*

*Shal.* Afore God a mad host, come let vs goe.

*Doc.* I begar haue you mocka may thus?
I will be euen met you my Iack Host.

*Sir Hu.* Giue me your hand Doctor *Cayus*,
We be all friends:
But for mine hosts fooliſh knauery, let me alone.

*Doc.* I dat be vell begar I be friends. *(Exit omnes*

*Enter M. Foord.*

*For.* The time drawes on he ſhuld come to my house,
Well wife, you had beſt worke cloſely,
Or I am like to goe beyond your cunning:
I now wil ſeek my gueſſe that comes to dinner,
And in good time ſee where they all are come.

*Enter Shallow, Page, host, Slender, Doctor, and ſir Hugh.*

By my faith a knot well met: your welcome all.

*Pa.* I thanke you good M. *Ford.*

*For.* Welcome good M. *Page*,
I would your daughter were here.

*Pa.* I thank you ſir, ſhe is very well at home.

*Slen.* Father *Page* I hope I haue your conſent
For Miſteris *Anne?* *Pa.*



*Pa.* You haue ſonne *Slender*, but my wife here,
Is altogether for maiſter Doctor.

*Doc.* Begar I tanck her hartily:

*Host.* But what ſay you to yong Maiſter *Fenton?*
He capers, he daunces, he writes verſes, he ſmelles
All April and May: he wil cary it, he wil carit,
Tis in his betmes he wil carite.

*Pa.* My hoſt not with my cõſent: the gentleman is
Wilde, he knowes too much: If he take her,
Let him take her ſimply: for my goods goes
With my liking, and my liking goes not that way.

*For.* Well I pray go home with me to dinner:
Beſides your cheare Ile ſhew you wonders: Ile
Shew you a monſter. You ſhall go with me
M. *Page*, and ſo ſhall you ſir *Hugh*, and you Maiſter
Doctor. (two:

S *Hu* If there be one in the company, I ſhal make

*Doc.* And dere be ven to, I ſall make de tird:

*Sir Hu*, In your teeth for ſhame, (fairer

*Shal:* wel, wel, God be with you, we ſhall haue the
Wooing at Maiſter *Pages:*

*Exit Shallow and Slender,*

*Host* Ile to my honeſt knight ſir *Iohn Falſtaffe*,
And drinke Canary with him. *Exit host.*

*Ford.* I may chance to make him drinke in pipe
Firſt come gentlemen. *Exit omnes.* (wine,

*Enter Miſtreſſe Ford, with two of her men, and a great buck basket.*

*Miſ. For.* Sirrha, if your M. aske you whither
You carry this basket, ſay to the Launderers,
I hope you know how to beſtow it?

*Ser.* I warrant you miſteris. *Exit ſeruant.*

*Miſ. Ford*

*Miſ. For.* Go get you in. Well ſir *Iohn*,
*I* beleeue I ſhall ſerue you ſuch a trick,
You ſhall haue little mind to come againe.

*Enter Sir Iohn.*

*Fal.* Haue I caught my heauenlie Iewel?
Why now let me die. *I* haue liued long inough,
This is the happie houre *I* haue deſired to ſee,
Now ſhall I ſin in my wiſh,
I would thy husband were dead.
*Miſ. For.* Why how then ſir *Iohn?*
*Fal.* By the Lord, Ide make thee my Ladie.
*Miſ. For.* Alas ſir *Iohn*, *I* ſhould be a verie ſimple Ladie.
*Fal.* Goe too, I ſee how thy eie doth emulate the Diamond.
And how the arched bent of thy brow
Would become the ſhip tire, the tire vellet,
Or anie Venetian attire, I ſee it. (better.
*Miſ. For.* A plaine kercher ſir *Iohn*, would fit me
*Fal.* By the Lord thou art a traitor to ſaie ſo:
What made me loue thee? Let that perſwade thee
Ther's ſomewhat extraordinarie in thee: Goe too *I* loue thee:
Miſtris *Ford*, *I* cannot cog, *I* cannot prate, like one
Of theſe fellowes that ſmels like Bucklers-berie,
In ſimple time, but *I* loue thee,
And none but thee.
*Miſ. For.* Sir *Iohn*, I am afraid you loue miſteris
*Fal.* I thou mighteſt as well ſaie (*Page.*
I loue to walke by the Counter gate,
VVhich is as hatefull to me
As the reake of a lime kill.

*Enter*



*Enter Miſtreſſe Page.*

*Miſ. Pa.* Miſtreſſe *Ford*, Miſ. *Ford*, where are you?
*Miſ. For.* O Lord ſtep aſide good ſir *Iohn*.

*Falſtaffe ſtands behind the aras.*

How now Miſteris *Page* whats the matter?
*Miſ. Pa.* Why your husband woman is cõming,
With halfe *Windſor* at his heeles,
To looke for a gentleman that he ſes
Is hid in his houſe: his wifes ſweet hart.
*Miſ. For.* Speak louder. But *I* hope tis not true
Miſteris *Page*.
*Miſ. Pa.* Tis too true woman. Therefore if you
Haue any here, away with him, or your vndone for euer.
*Miſ. For.* Alas miſtreſſe *Page*, what ſhall *I* do?
Here is a gentleman my friend, how ſhall I do?
*Miſ. Pa.* Gode body woman, do not ſtand what ſhal I do, and what ſhall *I* do. Better any ſhift, rather then you ſhamed. Looke heere, here's a buck-baſket, if hee be a man of any reaſonable ſiſe, heele in here.
*Miſ. For.* Alas I feare he is too big.
*Fal.* Let me ſee, let me ſee, Ile in, Ile in,
Follow your friends counſell. (*A ſide.*
*Miſ. Pa.* Fie ſir *Iohn* is this your loue? Go too.
*Fal.* I loue thee, and none but thee:
Helpe me to conuey me hence,
Ile neuer come here more.

*Sir Iohn goes into the basket, they put cloathes ouer him, the two men carries it away: Foord meetes it, and all the reſt, Page, Doctor, Prieſt, Slender, Shallow.*

*Ford.* Come pray along, you ſhall ſee all.
How now who goes heare? whither goes this?
Whither goes it? ſet it downe.

*Miſ.For.* Now let it go, you had beſt meddle with buck-waſhing.

*Ford.* Buck, good buck, pray come along,
Maiſter *Page* take my keyes: helpe to ſearch. Good
Sir *Hugh* pray come along, helpe a little, a little,
Ile ſhew you all.

*Sir Hu.* By Ieſhu theſe are iealoſies & diſtemperes.

*Exit omnes.*

*Miſ.Pa.* He is in a pittifull taking.

*Miſ.* I wonder what he thought
Whē my husband bad them ſet downe the basket.

*Miſ.Pa.* Hang him diſhoneſt ſlaue, we cannot vſe
Him bad inough. This is excellent for your
Husbands iealouſie.

*Mi.For.* Alas poore ſoule it grieues me at the hart,
But this will be a meanes to make him ceaſe
His iealous fits, if *Falſtaffes* loue increaſe.

*Miſ.Pa.* Nay we wil ſend to *Falſtaffe* once again,
Tis great pittie we ſhould leaue him:
What wiues may be merry, and yet honeſt too.

*Mi.For.* Shall we be cōdemnd becauſe we laugh?
Tis old, but true: ſtill ſowes eate all the draffe.

*Enter all.*

*Miſ.Pa.* Here comes your husband, ſtand aſide.

*For.* I can find no body within, it may be he lied.

*Miſ.Pa.* Did you heare that? *Miſ.For.*



*Miſ.For.* I, I, peace.

*For.* Well Ile not let it go ſo, yet Ile trie further.

*S.Hu.* By Ieſhu if there be any body in the kitchin
Or the cuberts, or the preſſe, or the buttery,
*I* am an arrant Iew: Now God pleſſe me:
You ſerue me well, do you not?

*Pa.* Fie M. *Ford* you are too blame:

*Miſ.Pa.* Ifaith tis not well M. *Ford* to ſuſpect
Her thus without cauſe.

*Doc.* No by my trot it be no vell:

*For.* Wel I pray bear with me, M. *Page* pardō me.
*I* ſuffer for it, *I* ſuffer for it: (now:

*Sir Hu:* You ſuffer for a bad conſcience looke you

*Ford:* Well *I* pray no more, another time *Ile* tell you all:
The mean time go dine with me, pardō me wife,
*I* am ſorie. M. *Page* pray goe in to dinner,
Another time *Ile* tell you all.

*Pa:* Well let it be ſo, and to morrow I inuite you all
To my houſe to dinner: and in the morning weele
A birding, *I* haue an excellent Hauke for the buſh.

*Ford:* Let it be ſo: Come M. *Page*, come wife:
I pray you come in all, your welcome, pray come

*Sir Hu:* By ſo kad vdgme, M. *Fordes* is (in.
Not in his right wittes:

*Exit omnes:*

*Enter Sir Iohn Falſtaffe.*

*Fal:* *Bardolfe* brew me a pottle ſack preſently:

*Bar:* With Egges ſir?

*Fal:* Simply of it ſelfe, *Ile* none of theſe pullets
In my drinke: goe make haſte. (ſperme
Haue *I* liued to be carried in a basket

and throwne into the Thames like a barow of Butchers offoll. Well, and I be ſerued ſuch another tricke, Ile giue them leaue to take out my braines and butter them, and giue them to a dog for a new-yeares gift. Sblood, the rogues ſlided me in with as little remorſe as if they had gone to drowne a blind bitches puppies in the litter: and they might know by my ſize I haue a kind of alacritie in ſinking: and the bottom had bin as deep as hell I ſhould downe. I had bene drowned, but that the ſhore was ſheluie and ſomewhat ſhallowe: a death that I abhorre. For you know the water ſwelles a man: and what a thing ſhould I haue bene whē I had bene ſwelled? By the Lord a mountaine of money. Now is the Sacke brewed?

*Bar.* I ſir, there's a woman below would ſpeake with you.

*Fal.* Bid her come vp. Let me put ſome Sacke among this cold water, for my belly is as cold as if I had ſwallowed ſnow-balles for pilles.

*Enter Miſtreſſe Quickly.*

Now whats the newes with you?

*Quic.* I come from miſteris *Ford* forſooth.

*Fal.* Miſteris *Ford*, I haue had Ford inough, I haue bene throwne into the Ford, my belly is full Of Ford: ſhe hath tickled mee.

*Quic.* O Lord ſir, ſhe is the ſorrowfulleſt woman that her ſeruants miſtooke, that euer liued. And ſir, ſhe would deſire you of all loues you will meet her once againe, to morrow ſir, betweene ten and eleuen, and ſhe hopes to make amends for all.

*Fal.* Ten, and eleuen, ſaieſt thou?

*Quic.* I



*Quic.* I forſooth.

*Fal.* Well, tell her Ile meet her. Let her but think
Of mans frailtie: Let her iudge what man is,
And then thinke of me. And ſo farwell.

*Quic* Youle not faile ſir?

*Exit miſtreſſe Quickly.*

*Fal.* I will not faile. Commend me to her.
I wonder I heare not of M. *Brooke*, I like his
Mony well. By the maſſe here he is.

*Enter Brooke.*

*For.* God ſaue you ſir.

*Fal.* Welcome good M. *Brooke*. You come to know how matters goes.

*Ford.* Thats my comming indeed ſir *Iohn*.

*Fal.* M. *Brooke* I will not lie to you ſir,
I was there at my appointed time.

*For.* And how ſped you ſir?

*Fal.* Verie ilfauouredly ſir.

*For.* Why ſir, did ſhe change her determination?

*Fal.* No M. *Brooke*, but you ſhall heare. After we had kiſſed and imbraced, and as it were euen amid the prologue of our incounter, who ſhould come, but the iealous knaue her husband, and a rabble of his companions at his heeles, thither prouoked and inſtigated by his diſtemper. And what to do thinke you? to ſearch for his wiues loue. Euen ſo, plainly ſo.

*For.* While ye were there?

*Fal.* Whilſt I was there.

*For.* And did he ſearch and could not find you?

*Fal.* You ſhall heare ſir, as God would haue it,
A litle before comes me one *Pages* wife,

Giues her intelligence of her husbands
Approach: and by her inuention, and *Fords* wiues
Distraction, conueyd me into a buck-basket.

*Ford.* A buck basket!

*Fal.* By the Lord a buck-basket, rammed me in
With foule shirts, stokins, greasie napkins,
That M. *Brooke*, there was a compound of the most
Villanous smel, that euer offended nostrill.
*Ile* tell you M. *Brooke*, by the Lord for your sake
I suffered three egregious deaths: First to be
Crammed like a good bilbo, in the circomference
Of a pack, Hilt to point, heele to head: and then to
Bestewed in my owne grease like a Dutch dish:
A man of my kidney; by the Lord it was maruell I
Escaped suffication; and in the heat of all this,
To be throwne into Thames like a horshoo hot:
Maister *Brooke*, thinke of that hissing heate, Maister
*Brooke*.

*Ford.* Well sir then my shute is void?
Youle vndertake it no more?

*Fal.* M. *Brooke*, *Ile* be throwne into Etna
As *I* haue bene in the Thames,
Ere I thus leaue her: *I* haue receiued
Another appointment of meeting,
Between ten and eleuen is the houre.

*Ford:* Why sir, tis almost ten alreadie:

*Fal:* Is it? why then will *I* addresse my selfe
For my appointment: M. *Brooke* come to me soone
At night, and you shall know how *I* speed,
And the end shall be, you shall enioy her loue:
You shall cuckold *Foord*: Come to mee soone at
at night. *Exit Falstaffe.*

*Ford*



*For.* Is this a dreame? *Is* it a vision?
Maister *Ford*, maister *Ford*, awake maister *Ford*,
There is a hole made in your best coat M. *Ford*,
And a man shall not only endure this wrong,
But shall stand vnder the taunt of names,
*Lucifer* is a good name, *Barbason* good: good
Diuels names: But cuckold, wittold, godeso
The diuel himselfe hath not such a name:
And they may hang hats here, and napkins here
Vpon my hornes: Well *Ile* home, *I* fet him,
And vnlesse the diuel himselfe should aide him,
Ile search vnpossible places: *Ile* about it,
Least I repent too late:

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter* M. *Fenton*, *Page*, *and mistresse Quickly.*

*Fen:* Tell me sweet *Nan*, how doest thou yet (resolue,
Shall fooliss *Slender* haue thee to his wife?
Or one as wise as he, the learned Doctor?
Shall such as they enioy thy maiden hart?
Thou knowst that *I* haue alwaies loued thee deare,
And thou hast oft times swore the like to me.

*An:* Good M. *Fenton*, you may assure your selfe
My hart is setled vpon none but you,
Tis as my father and mother please:
Get their consent, you quickly shall haue mine.

*Fen:* Thy father thinks I loue thee for his wealth,
Tho I must needs confesse at first that drew me,
But since thy vertues wiped that trash away,
*I* loue thee *Nan*, and so deare is it set,
That whilst I liue, I nere shall thee forget.

*Quic:* Godes

Godes pitie here comes her father.

*Enter M. Page his wife, M. Shallow, and Slender.*

*Pa.* M. *Fenton* I pray what make you here?
You know my answere sir, shees not for you:
Knowing my vow, to blame to vse me thus.

*Fen.* But heare me speake sir.

*Pa.* Pray sir get you gon: Come hither daughter,
Sonne *Slender* let me speak with you. *(they whisper.*

*Quic.* Speake to Misteris *Page*.

*Fen.* Pray misteris *Page* let me haue your cõsent.

*Mis. Pa.* Ifaith M. *Fentõ* tis as my husband please.
For my part Ile neither hinder you, nor further

*Quic.* How say you this was my doings? (you.
I bid you speake to misteris *Page*.

*Fen.* Here nurse, theres a brace of angels to drink,
Worke what thou canst for me, farwell. *(Exit Fen.*

*Quic.* By my troth so I will, good hart. *(Slẽder*

*Pa.* Come wife, you an *I* will in, weele leaue M.
And my daughter to talke together. M. *Shallow*,
You may stay sir if you please.

*Exit* Page *and his wife.*

*Shal.* Mary *I* thanke you for that:
To her cousin, to her.

*Slen.* Ifaith *I* know not what to say.

*An.* Now M. *Slender*, whats your will? *(An,*

*Slen.* Godeso theres a *Ieste* indeed: why misteris
I neuer made wil yet: *I* thãk God I am wise inough

*Shal.* Fie cusse fie, thou art not right, (for that.
O thou hadst a father.

*Slen.* I had a father misteris *Anne*, good vncle
Tell the Ieste how my father stole the goose out of
The henloft. All this is nought, harke you mistresse
*Anne.*

*Shal.*



*Shal.* He will make you ioynter of three hundred pound a yeare, he shall make you a Gentlewoman.

*Slend.* I be God that I vill, come cut and long taile, as good as any is in *Glostershire*, vnder the degree of a Squire.

*An.* O God how many grosse faults are hid,
And couered in three hundred pound a yeare?
Well M. *Slender*, within a day or two Ile tell you more.

*Slend.* I thanke you good misteris *Anne*, vncle I shall haue her.

*Quic.* M. *Shallow*, M. *Page* would pray you to come you, and you M. *Slender*, and you mistris *An.*

*Slend.* Well Nurse, if youle speake for me,
Ile giue you more then Ile talke of.

*Exit omnes but Quickly.*

*Quic.* Indeed I will, Ile speake what I can for you,
But specially for M. *Fenton*:
But specially of all for my Maister.
And indeed I will do what I can for them all three.

*Exit.*

*Enter misteris Ford and her two men.*

*Mis. For.* Do you heare? when your M. comes take vp this basket as you did before, and if your M. bid you set it downe, obey him.

*Ser.* I will forsooth.

*Enter Syr Iohn.*

*Mis. For.* Syr *Iohn* welcome.

*Fal.* What are you sure of your husband now?

*Mis. For.* He is gone a birding sir *Iohn*, and I hope will not come home yet.

*Enter miſtreſſe Page.*

Gods body here is miſteris *Page*,
Step behind the arras good ſir *Iohn*.

*He ſteps behind the arras.*

*Miſ.Pa.* Miſteris *Ford*, why woman your husband is in his old vaine againe, hees comming to ſearch for your ſweet heart, but I am glad he is not here.

*Miſ.For.* O God miſteris *Page* the knight is here, What ſhall I do?

*Miſ.Pa.* Why then you'r vndone woman, vnles you make ſome meanes to ſhift him away.

*Miſ.For.* Alas I know no meanes, vnleſſe we put him in the basket againe.

*Fal.* No Ile come no more in the basket,
Ile creep vp into the chimney. (ling peeces.

Miſ.*For.* There they vſe to diſcharge their Fow-

*Fal.* Why then Ile goe out of doores.

*Mi.Pa.* Then your vndone, your but a dead man.

*Fal.* For Gods ſake deuiſe any extremitie,
Rather then a miſchiefe.

*Miſ.Pa.* Alas I know not what meanes to make,
If there were any womans apparell would fit him,
He might put on a gowne and a muſler,
And ſo eſcape.

*Mi.For.* Thats wel remembred, my maids Aunt *Gillian* of *Brainford*, hath a gowne aboue.

*Miſ.Pa.* And ſhe is altogether as fat as he.

*Miſ.For.* I that will ſerue him of my word.

*Miſ.Pa.* Come goe with me ſir *Iohn*, Ile helpe to dreſſe you.

*Fal.* Come for God ſake, any thing.

*Exit Miſ. Page, & Sir Iohn.*

*Enter*



*Enter M.Ford, Page, Prieſt, Shallow, the two men carries the basket, and Ford meets it.*

*For.* Come along *I* pray, you ſhal know the cauſe,
How now whither goe you? Ha whither go you?
Set downe the basket you ſlaue,
You panderly rogue ſet it downe. (thus?

*Miſ.For.* What is the reaſon that you vſe me

*For.* Come hither ſet downe the basket,
Miſteris *Ford* the modeſt woman,
Miſteris *Ford* the vertuous woman,
She that hath the iealous foole to her husband,
I miſtruſt you without cauſe do I not?

*Miſ.For.* I Gods my record do you. And if you miſtruſt me in any ill ſort.

*Ford.* Well ſed brazen face, hold it out,
You youth in a basker, come out here,
Pull out the cloathes, ſearch. (cloathes?

*Hu.* Ieſhu pleſſe me, will you pull vp your wiues

*Pa.* Fie M. *Ford* you are not to go abroad if you be in theſe fits.

*SirHu.* By ſo kad vdge me, tis verie neceſſarie He were put in pethlem.

*For.* M. *Page*, as *I* am an honeſt man M. *Page*, There was one conueyd out of my houſe here yeſterday out of this basket, why may he not be here now?

*Mi.For.* Come miſtris *Page*, bring the old woma

*For.* Old woman, what old woman? (downe.

*Mi.For.* Why my maidens Aut, *Gillis* of *Brainford*.
A witch, haue I not forewarned her my houſe,
Alas we are ſimple we, we know not what

Is brought to passe vnder the colour of fortune-
Telling. Come downe you witch, come downe.

*Enter Falstaffe disguised like an old woman, and misteris Page with him, Ford beates him, and hee runnes away.*

Away you witch get you gone. (indeed,

Sir Hu. By Ieshu I verily thinke she is a witch I espied vnder her musler a great beard.

*Ford.* Pray come helpe me to search, pray now.

*Pa.* Come weele go for his minds sake.

*Exit omnes.*

*Mi.For.* By my troth he beat him most extreamly.

*Mi.Pa.* I am glad of it, what shall we proceed any further?

*Mi.For.* No faith, now if you will let vs tell our husbands of it. For mine I am sure hath almost fretted himselfe to death.

*Mi. Pa.* Content, come weele goe tell them all,
And as they agree, so will we proceed. *Exit both.*

*Enter Host and Bardolfe.*

*Bar.* Syr heere be three Gentlemen come from the Duke the Stanger sir, would haue your horse.

*Host.* The Duke, what Duke? let me speake with the Gentlemen, do they speake English?

*Bar.* Ile call them to you sir.

*Host.* No *Bardolfe*, let them alone, Ile sauce them:
They haue had my house a weeke at command,
I haue turned away my other guesse,
They shall haue my horses *Bardolfe*,
They must come off, Ile sawce them. *Exit omnes.*

*Enter Ford, Page, their wiues, Shallow, and Slender. Syr Hu.*





*Ford.* Well wife, heere take my hand, vpon my soule I loue thee dearer then I do my life, and ioy I hnue so true and constant wife, my icalousie shall neuer more offend thee.

*Mi. For.* Sir I am glad, & that which I haue done,
Was nothing elsé but mirth and modestie.

*Pa.* I misteris *Ford*, *Falstaffe* hath all the griefe,
And in this knauerie my wife was the chiefe.

*Mi.Pa.* No knauery husband, it was honest mirth.

*Hu.* Indeed it was good pastimes & merriments.

*Mis.* For. But sweete heart shall wee leaue olde *Falstaffe* so?

*Mis.Pa.* O by no meanes, send to him againe.

*Pa.* I do not thinke heele come being so much deceiued.

For. Let me alone, Ile to him once againe like *Brooke*, and know his mind whether heele come or not. (come.

*Pa.* There must be some plot laide, or heele not

*Mis.Pa.* Let vs alone for that. Heare my deuice.
Oft haue you heard since *Horne* the hunter dyed,
That women to affright their litle children,
Ses that he walkes in shape of a great stagge.
Now for that *Falstaffe* hath bene so deceiued,
As that he dares not venture to the house,
Weele send him word to meet vs in the field,
Disguised like *Horne*, with huge horns on his head,
The houre shalbe iust betweene twelue and one,
And at that time we will meet him both:
Then would I haue you present there at hand,
With litle boyes disguised and dressed like Fayries,
For to affright fat *Falstaffe* in the woods.

And then to make a period to the Ieſt,
Tell *Falſtaffe* all, I thinke this will do beſt.
*Pa.* Tis excellent, and my daughter *Anne*,
Shall like a litle Fayrie be diſguiſed.
*Miſ.Pa.* And in that Maske Ile make the Doctor
ſteale my daughter *An*, & ere my husband knowes
it, to carrie her to Church, and marrie her. (boyes:
*Miſ.For.* But who will buy the ſilkes to tyre the
*Pa.* That will *I* do, and in a robe of white
Ile cloath my daughter, and aduertiſe *Stender*
To know her by that ſigne, and ſteale her thence,
And vnknowne to my wife, ſhall marrie her.
*Hu.* So kad vdge me the deuiſes is excellent.
*I* will alſo be there, and be like a *I*ackanapes,
And pinch him moſt cruelly for his lecheries.
*Miſ.Pa.* Why then we are reuenged ſufficiently.
Firſt he was carried and throwne in the Thames,
Next beaten well, *I* am ſure youle witnes that.
*Mi.For.* Ile lay my life this makes him nothing fat.
*Pa.* Well lets about this ſtratagem, I long
To ſee deceit deceiued, and wrong haue wrong.
*For,* Well ſend to *Falſtaffe*, and if he come thither,
Twill make vs ſmile and laugh one moneth togi-
ther. *Exit omnes.*

*Enter Hoſt and Simple.* (skin?

*Hoſt.* What would thou haue boore, what thick-
Speake, breath, diſcus, ſhort, quick, briefe, ſnap.
*Sim.* Sir, I am ſent frõ my M. to ſir *Iohn Falſtaffe*.
*Hoſt.* Sir *Iohn*, theres his Caſtle, his ſtanding bed,
his trundle bed, his chamber is painted about with
the ſtory of the prodigall, freſh and new, go knock,
heele ſpeak like an Antripophiginian to thee:
Knocke



Knock *I* ſay.
*Sim.* Sir I ſhould ſpeak with an old woman that
went vp into his chamber.
*Hoſt.* An old woman, the knight may be robbed,
Ile call bully knight, bully ſir *Iohn*. Speake from thy
Lungs military: it is thine hoſt, thy Epheſian calls.
*Fal.* Now mine Hoſt.
*Hoſt:* Here is a Bohemian tarter bully, tarries the
comming downe of the fat woman: Let her deſcẽd
bully, let her deſcend, my chambers are honorable,
pah priuaſie, fie.
*Fal.* Indeed mine hoſt there was a fat woman with
But ſhe is gone. (me,

*Enter Sir Iohn.*

*Sim.* Pray ſir was it not the wiſe woman of *Brain-*
*fords*
*Fal.* Marry was it Muſſelſhell, what would you?
*Sim.* Marry ſir my maiſter *Slender* ſent me to her,
To know whether one *Nim* that hath his chaine,
Couſoned him of it, or no.
*Fal.* I talked with the woman about it.
*Sim.* And I pray ſir what ſes ſhe?
*Fal.* Marry ſhe ſes the very ſame man that
Beguiled maiſter *Slender* of his chaine,
Couſoned him of it.
*Sim.* May I be bolde to tell my maiſter ſo ſir?
*Fal. I* tike, who more bolde.
*Sim. I* thanke you ſir, I ſhall make my maiſter a
glad man at theſe tydings, God be with you ſir.
*Hoſt.* Thou art clarkly ſir *Iohn*, thou art clarkly,
Was there a wiſe woman with thee?
*Fal.* Marry was there mine hoſt, one that taught
Me

Me more wit then I learned this 7. yeare,
And I paid nothing for it,
But was paid for my learning.

*Enter Bardolfe.*

*Bar.* O Lord ſir couſonage, plaine couſonage.

*Hoſt.* Why man, where be my horſes? where be the Germanes?

*Bar.* Rid away with your horſes:
After I came beyond Maidenhead,
They flung me in a ſlow of myre, & away they ran.

*Enter Doctor.*

*Doc.* Where be my Hoſt de gartyre?

*Hoſt.* O here ſir in perplexitie.

*Doc.* I cannot tell vad be dad,
But begar I will tell you van ting,
Dear be a Garmaine Duke come to de Court,
Has coſened all de hoſt of *Branford*,
And *Redding*: begar I tell you for good will,
Ha, ha, mine Hoſt, am I euen met you? *Exit.*

*Enter* Sir *Hugh.*

*Sir Hu.* Where is mine Hoſt of the gartyr?
Now my Hoſt, I would deſire you looke you now,
To haue a care of your entertainments,
For there is three ſorts of coſen garmombles,
*I*s coſen all the Hoſt of Maidenhead & Readings,
Now you are an honeſt man, and a ſcuruy beggerly lowſie knaue beſide:
And can point wrong places,
*I* tell you for good will, grate why mine Hoſt. *Exit.*

*Hoſt.* *I* am coſened *Hugh*, and coy *Bardolfe*,
Sweet knight aſſiſt me, *I* am coſened. *Exit.*

*Fal.* Would all the worell were coſened for me,
For



For I am couſoned and beaten too.
Well, *I* neuer proſpered ſince I forſwore
My ſelfe at *Primero*: and my winde
Were but long inough to ſay my prayers,
Ide repent, now from whence come you?

*Enter Miſtreſſe Quickly.*

*Quic.* From the two parties forſooth.

*Fal.* The diuell take the one partie,
And his dam the other,
And theyle be both beſtowed.
*I* haue endured more for their ſakes,
Then man is able to endure.

*Quic.* O Lord ſir, they are the ſorowfulſt creatures
That euer liued: ſpecially miſtreſſe *Ford*,
Her husband hath beaten her that ſhe is all
Blacke and blew poore ſoule.

*Fal.* What telleſt me of blacke and blew,
I haue bene beaten all the colours in the Rainbow,
And in my eſcape like to a bene apprehended
For a witch of *Brainford*, and ſet in the ſtockes.

*Quic.* Well ſir, ſhe is a ſorrowfull woman,
And I hope when you heare my errant,
Youle be perſwaded to the contrarie.

*Fal.* Come goe with me into my chamber, Ile heare thee. *Exit omnes.*

*Enter Hoſt and Fenton.*

*Hoſt.* Speake not to me ſir, my mind is heauie,
Ihaue had a great loſſe.

*Fen.* Yet heare me, and as I am a gentleman,
Ile giue you a hundred pound toward your loſſe.

*Hoſt.* Well ſir Ile heare you, and at leaſt keep your counſell.

*Fen.* Thē thus my hoſt. Tis not vnknown to you,

The feruent loue *I* beare to young *Anne Page*,
And mutally her loue againe to mee:
But her father ſtill againſt her choiſe,
Doth ſeeke to marrie her to fooliſh *Slender*,
And in a robe of white this night diſguiſed,
Wherein fat *Falſtaffe* had a mightie ſcare,
Muſt *Slender* take her and carrie her to *Catlen*,
And there vnknowne to any, marrie her.
Now her mother ſtill againſt that match,
And firme for Doctor *Cayus*, in a robe of red
By her deuice, the Doctor muſt ſteale her thence,
And ſhe hath giuen conſent to goe with him.

*Hoſt.* Now which means ſhe to deceiue, father or mother?

*Fen.* Both my good Hoſt, to go along with me.
Now here it reſts, that you would procure a prieſt,
And tarrie readie at the appointment place,
To giue our harts vnited matrimonie. (among thē

*Hoſt.* But how will you come to ſteale her from

*Fen.* That hath ſweet *Nan* and I agreed vpon,
And by a robe of white, the which ſhe weares,
With ribones pendant flaring bout her head,
*I* ſhalbe ſure to know her, and conuey her thence,
And bring her where the prieſt abides our cōming,
And by thy furtherance there be married.

*Hoſt.* Well, husband your deuice, Ile to the Vicar,
Bring you the maide, you ſhall not lacke a Prieſt.

*Fen.* So ſhall *I* euermore be bound vnto thee.
Beſides Ile alwaies be thy faithfull friend.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter ſir Iohn with a Bucks head vpon him.*

*Fal.* This is the third time, well *I*le venter,
They ſay there is good luck in old numbers,
*Ioue* transformed himſelfe into a bull, And



And *I* am here a Stag, and *I* thinke the fatteſt
In all *Windſor* forreſt: well *I* ſtand here
For *Horne* the hunter, waiting my Does comming.

*Enter miſtris Page, and miſtris Ford.*

*Miſ. Pa.* Sir *Iohn*, where are you?

*Fal.* Art thou come my doe? what and thou too?
Welcome Ladies.

*Mi. For.* I I ſir *Iohn*, *I* ſee you will not faile,
Therefore you deſerue far better then our loues,
But it grieues me for your late croſſes.

*Fal.* This makes amends for all.
Come diuide me betweene you, each a hanch,
For my horns Ile bequeath thē to your husbands,
Do *I* ſpeake like *Horne* the hunter, ha?

*Miſ. Pa.* God forgiue me, what noiſe is this?

*There is a noiſe of hornes, the two women run away.*

*Enter ſir Hugh like a Satyre, and boyes dreſt like Fayries, miſtreſſe Quickly, like the Queene of Fayries: they ſing a ſong about him, and afterward ſpeake.*

(groues,

*Quic:* You Fayries that do haunt theſe ſhady
Looke round about the wood if you can eſpie
A mortall that doth haunt our ſacred round:
If ſuch a one you can eſpie, giue him his due,
And leaue not till you pinch him blacke and blew:
Giue them their charge *Puck* ere they part away.

*Sir Hu.* Come hither *Peane*, go to the countrie houſes,
And when you finde a ſlut that lies a ſleepe,
And all her diſhes foule, and roome vnſwept,
With your long nailes pinch her till ſhe crie,

And ſweare to mend her ſluttiſh huſwiferie.
*Fai.* I warrant you I will performe your will.
*Hu.* Where is *Pead?* go you & ſee where Brokers
And Foxe-eyed Seriants with their maſe, (ſleep,
Goe laie the Proctors in the ſtreet,
And pinch the lowſie Seriants face:
Spare none of theſe when they are a bed,
But ſuch whoſe noſe lookes plew and red.
*Quic.* Away begon, his mind fulfill,
And looke that none of you ſtand ſtill.
Some do that thing, ſome do this,
All do ſomething, none amis.
*Hir Hu.* I ſmell a man of middle earth.
*Fal.* God bleſſe me from that wealch Fairie.
*Quic.* Looke euery one about this round,
And if that any here be found,
For his preſumption in this place,
Spare neither legge, arme, head, nor face.
*Sir Hu.* See I haue ſpied one by good luck,
His bodie man, his head a buck.
*Fal.* God ſend me good fortune now, and I care
*Quic.* Go ſtrait, and do as I commaund, (not.
And take a Taper in your hand,
And ſet it to his fingers endes,
And if you ſee it him offends,
And that he ſtarteth at the flame,
Then is he mortall, know his name:
If with an F. it doth begin,
Why then be ſhure he is full of ſin.
About it then, and know the truth,
Of this ſame metamorphiſed youth.
*Sir Hu.* Giue me the Tapers, I will try
And if that he loue venery.

*They*



*They put the Tapers to his fingers, and he ſtarts.*
*Sir Hu.* It is right indeed, he is full of lecheries
and iniquitie.
*Quic.* A little diſtant from him ſtand,
And euery one take hand in hand,
And compaſſe him within a ring,
Firſt pinch him well, and after ſing.

*Here they pinch him, and ſing about him, & the Doctor comes one way & ſteales away a boy in red. And Slender another way he takes a boy in greene: And Fenton ſteales miſteris Anne, being in white. And a noyſe of hunting is made within: and all the Fairies runne away. Falſtaffe pulles of his bucks head, and riſes vp. And enters* M. *Page,* M. *Ford, and their wiues,* M. *Shallow, Sir Hugh.*

*Fal. Horne* the hunter quoth you: am I a ghoſt?
Sblood the Fairies hath made a ghoſt of me:
What hunting at this time at night?
Ile lay my life the mad Prince of *Wales*
Is ſtealing his fathers Deare. How now who haue
we here, what is all *Windſor* ſtirring? Are you there?
*Shal.* God ſaue you ſir *Iohn Falſtaffe.*
*Sir Hu.* God pleſſe you ſir *Iohn*, God pleſſe you.
*Pa.* Why how now ſir *Iohn*, what a pair of horns
in your hand?
*Ford.* Thoſe hornes he ment to place vpon my
And M. *Brooke* and he ſhould be the men: (head,
Why how now ſir *Iohn*, why are you thus amazed?
We know the Fairies man that pinched you ſo,
Your throwing in the Thames, your beating well,

And whats to come sir *Iohn*, that can we tell.
*Mi.Pa.* Sir *Iohn* tis thus, your dishonest meanes
To call our credits into question,
Did make vs vndertake to our best,
To turne your leaud lust to a merry Iest.
*Fal.* Iest, tis well, haue I liued to these yeares
To be gulled now, now to be ridden?
Why then these were not *Fairies?*
*Mis.Pa.* No sir *Iohn* but boyes.
*Fal.* By the Lord I was twice or thrise in the mind
They were not, and yet the grosnesse
Of the fopperie perswaded me they were.
Well, and the fine wits of the Court heare this,
Thayle so whip me with their keene Iests,
That thayle melt me out like tallow,
Drop by drop out of my grease. Boyes!
*Sir Hu.* I trust me boyes Sir *Iohn*: and I was
Also a Fairie that did helpe to pinch you.
*Fal.* I, tis well I am your May-pole,
You haue the start of mee,
Am I ridden too with a wealch goate?
With a peece of toasted cheese?
*Sir Hu.* Butter is better then cheese sir *Iohn*,
You are all butter, butter.
*For.* There is a further matter yet sir *Iohn*,
There's 20. pound you borrowed of M. *Brooke* Sir
And it must be paid to M. *Ford* Sir *Iohn*. (*Iohn*,
*Mi.For.* Nay husband let that go to make ameds,
Forgiue that sum, and so weele all be friends.
*For.* Well here is my hand, all's forgiuen at last.
*Fal.* It hath cost me well,
I haue bene well pinched and washed.

*Enter*



*Enter the Doctor.*

*Mi. Pa.* Now M. Doctor, sonne I hope you are.
*Doct.* Sonne begar you be de ville voman,
Begar I tinck to marry metres *An*, and begar
Tis a whorson garson Iack boy.
*Mis.Pa.* How a boy?
*Doct.* I begar a boy.
*Pa.* Nay be not angry wife, *I*le tell thee true,
*It* was my plot to deceiue thee so:
And by this time your daughter's married
To M. *Slender*, and see where he comes.

*Enter Slender.*

Now sonne *Slender*,
Where's your bride?
*Slen.* Bride, by Gods lyd *I* thinke theres neuer a man in the worell hath that crosse fortune that *I* haue: begod I could cry for verie anger.
*Pa.* Why whats the matter sonne *Slender?*
*Slen.* Sonne, nay by God *I* am none of your son.
*Pa.* No, why so? (married.
*Slen.* Why so God saue me, tis a boy that I haue
*Pa.* How a boy? why did you mistake the word?
*Slen.* No neither, for *I* came to her in red as you bad me, and *I* cried mum, and hee cried budget, so well as euer you heard, and I haue married him.
*Sir Hu.* Ieshu M. *Slender*, cannot you see but marrie
*Pa.* O *I* am vext at hart, what shal I do? (boyes?

*Enter Fenton and Anne.*

*Mis.Pa.* Here comes the man that hath deceiued
How now daughter, where haue you bin? (vs all:
*An.* At Curch forsooth.
*Pa.* At Church, what haue you done there?

*Fen.*

*Fen.* Married to me, nay sir neuer storme,
Tis done sir now, and cannot be vndone.
*Ford:* Ifaith M. *Page* neuer chafe your selfe,
She hath made her choise wheras her hart was fixt,
Then tis in vaine for you to storme or fret.
*Fal.* I am glad yet that your arrow hath glanced
*Mi. For.* Come mistris *Page*, Ile be bold with you,
Tis pitie to part loue that is so true.
*Mis. Pa.* Altho that I haue missed in my intent,
Yet I am glad my husbands match was crossed,
Here M. *Fenton*, take her, and God giue thee ioy.
*Sir Hu:* Come M. *Page*, you must needs agree.
*Fo.* I yfaith sir come, you see your wife is wel plea-
*Pa.* I cannot tel, and yet my hart's well eased, (sed:
And yet it doth me good the Doctor missed.
Come hither *Fenton*, and come hither daughter,
Go too you might haue stai'd for my good will,
But since your choise is made of one you loue,
Here take her *Fenton*, & both happie proue. (dings.
*Sir Hu.* I wil also dance & eat plums at your wed-
*Ford.* All parties pleased, now let vs in to feast,
And laugh at *Slender*, and the Doctors iest.
He hath got the maiden, each of you a boy
To waite vpon you, so God giue you ioy,
And sir *Iohn Falstaffe* now shal you keep your word,
For *Brooke* this night shall lye with mistris *Ford*.

*Exit omnes.*

*FINIS.*

BRITISH MUSEUM 3 APR 1911

## DEPARTMENT OF MANUSCRIPTS

Record of Treatment, Extraction, Repair, etc.

of ~~M.S.~~ no. Huth 48

| Date | Particulars | Name |
|---|---|---|
| 12.02.2003 | Repair to binding: kozo and w.s.p. | RJ |

MSS SR7

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